

# A Grim Experience

The Way a Tourist Was Shut Up In a Church

By HOMER WORTHINGTON

We were on our wedding journey in Europe, doing picture galleries and churches. I will not assert that this is all there is in that elderly country for tourists to see, but it is the principal part of the matter. Lucia and I were one morning visiting a Roman cathedral several hundred years old, looking at pictures hanging on the walls, some of which must have been painted for the purpose of scaring away the devil; at ghostly marble figures lying on their backs, with their hands clasped over their breasts, straining our eyes in dark chapels to see hideous frescoes, the principal part of which had been chipped off, when we heard the clock above us strike the hour of noon.

At the moment we were looking at a statue, wondering whom it might represent. A gentleman—rather a singular looking person he was—hearing our remarks, politely told us all about the marble and of another much older and more curious in a different part of the church, offering to guide us to it. Lucia said she was tired and would go to our hotel and rest before lunch.

I would rather have gone with her, but the stranger was so urgent that I should see the curious statue that I consented to remain with him. I told Lucia I would be with her within half an hour, and she left me. Then I started to another part of the church with my guide.

He showed me the statue, told me its history, beginning back in the twelfth century and ending in the eighteenth, when, after having been stolen, buried, resurrected, lost its nose, one of its ears and both hands, it had been miraculously set up in its present position in the middle of the night, when the church was locked, with no one inside. As he proceeded I thought I had never met a person more voluble. Why he took so great an interest in me I could not divine. Instead of listening to what he said I was taking in his personal appearance.

He was rather small, wore a little bell crowned hat, which, of course, in the cathedral he carried in his hand; had coarse dark hair standing straight upon his head and a short stubby beard. His coat was a dark blue cloth, fitting tight at the waist, with a full flowing skirt. His trousers were checkered and tight to the skin. The most remarkable feature in his face was his eyes, which twinkled like a pair of stars in the heavens.

When he had told me all about the statue and the archaeological disputes as to just where it had lost its nose and the other features I thanked him for his kindness, bid him good morning and was about to leave him when he said:

"There's something far more curious in this church than this—the bones of St. — (I have forgotten the name), that have come down to us through 800 years. It will require but a moment to see them, and I shall be happy to show them to you."

"Thank you very much," I said, "but my luncheon hour is at hand, and I must rejoin my wife."

"I will not detain you five minutes," he replied and looked so anxious that I should enjoy a sight at these old bones in which he seemed to take such interest that I went with him to see them. Taking me to the forward part of the church on one side, he opened a door that I judged to be about five feet high—at any rate, one must bend to enter it—and told me to step inside. "After you," I said, but he stood holding the door open so deferentially that I went in. The only light there was in the place came in at the opening through which I had entered, and even that was shut off immediately, for I heard the door close and a click in the lock. My companion had remained outside.

It required a few moments for me to realize my situation, to become frightened. Then I turned to the door and tried to find a knob by which to open it. There was no inside knob. I hammered on the door, but it was of iron and made of several plates, so that my thumps were not likely to be heard. I listened eagerly for the door to be reopened. Perhaps it had closed of itself and sprung a bolt. In this case my guide must find some one to enable him to open it and might have gone away for that purpose.

Then I remembered that starry look in his eyes, and I became terror-stricken. Suppose he was insane! If so he had doubtless shut me up in a dark room, seldom opened, and at some future time, instead of the bones of a saint, my own skeleton would be found there. I felt around the walls of my inclosure and was horror-stricken to find that it was but about 5 by 4 feet. I could not lie down in it. I looked up and could see light—it seemed far above me—on the four sides of the ceiling, as though let in by a narrow strip of glass. Reaching up, even standing on my toes or jumping I could touch nothing.

What would Lucia think when the luncheon hour came and I did not re-

would she then do? No one would likely think of looking for me in the cathedral, especially in that dark hole. They would infer that I had left the place and gone elsewhere. I thought of the many cases where persons have started forth on some ordinary errand and had never been heard of again. I remembered the old story of the bride playing "hide and seek" during her wedding festivities, getting into a chest with a spring lock and not being found for years, when the chest was opened and her skeleton taken out. Then I gave way to uncontrollable terror.

I heard directly above me the stroke of a bell. I listened for more, but no more came. This enlightened me upon my position. I must be in the clock tower. The clock had struck the hour. Looking up again at the rectangle of light the terrible fact thrust itself upon me that the dark space within it was the bottom of the weight that moved the machinery and the hands. The weight was slowly descending and would crush me. At the thought my legs gave way beneath me, and I sank in a heap.

Then I arose and renewed my knocking on the door. I hammered with my fists and kicked with my feet. But, since the substance on which I labored was a very poor conductor of sound and produced but little effect inside, what could I expect of it without? During our inspection we had seen very few persons, and they had all been in the body of the church. Besides, the entrance to my dungeon was reached by a narrow winding passage.

I heard the clock above me strike the hours one after another and counted them as one condemned to death counts those before his execution. My thoughts were confused—a jumble. Now I would think of Lucia, of her fright at my absence, and what she would do in hunting for me. Again I would dwell upon the horrible death I would suffer when the life was being crushed out of me by an iron mass probably weighing several tons. Then a hope came to me at remembering that the clock would not be allowed to run down and might be wound before the weight had killed me. I wondered if when it came so low that I could brace myself against it would I be able to support its great weight till it was wound up.

It was past noon, as I have said, when I went into my prison. When the hour of 5 was struck the weight might have been from ten to twenty feet above me, though I had no means except sight of judging the distance. It occurred to me that there would be a special hour for winding, and this would be at 6 o'clock in the evening. The crisis for me was due in about an hour.

That hour was the longest, the most horrible, of my life. I sat down on the floor, looking up at the coming mass descending so slowly that I could not see it move. It came so near that standing on my feet I could touch it with my fingers. I held them there and could feel it move. When it came a little lower I placed my palms under it to see if I could hold it up. The only way I could tell if it was sinking in spite of me was by the slowly changing position of my hands. I knew that they were giving way under the weight and lost hope of saving myself by this means.

Slowly came the weight till when I stood erect it touched the top of my head. Then I was obliged to stoop, then get down on my knees. Lastly I sat on the floor. Surely the clock weight would not be permitted to sink to the floor before being wound, for this would necessitate the stopping of the clock. If I could be spared two feet by lying on my side with my knees drawn up I might live.

And to this position I was reduced. I felt the bottom of the weight pressing against my side till finally I lost consciousness.

But not for long. The pressure was removed, and I heard the winding of wheels, the click of cogs, up in the tower. The clock was being wound. I was spared for twenty-four hours. Soon after the hour of 10 sounded I heard a click at the door, which was thrown open, and the glare of a lamp showed me a number of excited faces. "Found!" was shouted joyfully, and Lucia, pushing forward, fainted in my arms.

Shutting me up in the clock tower had had a peculiar effect on the lunatic who had done the deed. He kept his secret till night, when he accosted a man passing the church and told him that the devil in human form had been following him to drag him down to hell. But he had tricked Satan, having put him under the weight in the clock tower, and he had doubtless by this time been crushed. The listener broke away from him, but, thinking there might be reality in his story, returned and, meeting a searching party, had led them to the tower.

I brought my bride straight back to America, where we have contented ourselves since our memorable experience. She is full of reverence for holy things and considers my being shut up in a clock tower a punishment upon us both for our heathenish behavior in nosing about in a building dedicated for worship. I consider it a lesson for hosts of foreigners who do that very thing. While pious people are kneeling at an altar tourists are staring over their shoulders to get a view of a famous painting. While praises are being sung to the great Creator these same tourists are straining their voices to tell one another about the antiquities.

At any rate, we will never do it again. I have had trouble enough getting rid of the results of my last trip. Lying awake at night, the deep toned strokes of a town clock take me back to that frightful bell tower, and I feel the ceiling over my head is coming

## His Tribute to His Wife.

The following obituary notice was published in a German paper: "Today red, tomorrow dead. So it was with my wife, who only seven days ago was springing over bench and table, and was buried yesterday. During her life she was a live woman, who did not easily mistake an X for a U. For that reason everybody can tell the extent of my sorrow; so young and so merry, and now buried. What is human life? I have said to myself repeatedly within the past few days, and also yesterday in the church yard when I paid the sexton, who will also keep the grave mound in order. So cheerful a wife I shall certainly never, never find again, and therefore my sorrow is a righteous one. I wish that heaven preserves any man from a similar sad fate, and thanks for the flowers, as well as the Herr Cantor, the music master of the choir, for the grave hymn, which went through and through me, but was very well sung. Ackerman, Master Locksmith."

## Not the Silent Partner.

"I want to telegraph \$25 to Chicago," said a man to the clerk in a Boston telegraph office recently. "The name, please," asked the receiving teller, a good looking young woman behind the counter, whose age might have been twenty-five.

"It's for Mrs. Mary K. Brown, 175 — avenue," answered the man. "Your name, too, please," again questioned the young woman.

"My name is Henry Brown; I'm the other half of the firm," answered the man.

"The money goes to the silent partner, eh?" good naturedly remarked the young woman.

"Not on your life she isn't!" answered the man. "Nothing silent about her. She's made more noise for the last two weeks for this \$25 than you can imagine. She's the noisy partner of the firm, and she makes good with the title too."—Boston Traveler.

## The Giraffe as It Feeds.

The singular shape of the giraffe is adapted to its habits of life. It feeds on the young branches and top shoots of the trees, and its long fore legs and neck enable it to browse at a far greater height than any other animal, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. In feeding it stretches up its neck and with its long prehensile tongue, which it can protrude to a surprising distance, hooks down the tender shoots and leaves into its mouth. But the creature's peculiar form, though enabling it to feed on what it likes best, is sometimes the cause of its destruction. The fore legs are so long that to reach the ground it has to stretch them wide apart and bend down its neck in a semicircle, and while drinking in this defenseless attitude the lion or leopard springs upon it and overpowers it before it can recover itself.

## Splinters in the Fingers.

When you get a splinter in your finger it is sometimes possible to get at it by pressing the point of a needle under it, but unless you have deft fingers or a pair of tweezers you may not be able to pull it out even then. A new pen nib is a very good substitute for a pair of tweezers. Lay the nib over the splinter so as to hide it. Then press down hard enough to separate the nibs. If you now let the pen down level with the splinter and allow the nibs to close again they will take hold, and you can draw the splinter out. Remember that any metal thing that is to be applied to a wound, such as a needle, penknife or pen, should be passed lightly through a flame first, so as to disinfect it. A gas jet or a match will do.—New York Sun.

## Love and the Drama.

A periodical devoted to the drama pleads for plays based on some emotion other than love. The difficulty in producing such plays is that every play must have a hero, and in making a hero the playwright as well as his audience almost inevitably adopts the view expressed 2,000 years ago by a scribbler on one of the dead walls of Pompeii, "He who has never loved a woman is not a gentleman."—Exchange.

## Lucky Bessie.

Having need of some small change, the mistress of the house stepped to the top of the back stairs. "Bessie," she called to the maid below, "have you any coppers down there?" "Yes'm—two," faltered Bessie, "but they're both my cousins, please, ma'am."—London Punch.

## Before.

"You used to say," she complained, "that I was your sunlight; that the world was gloomy when you were not in my presence." "I know," he sadly replied; "that was before you had acquired the habit of telling me candidly every few minutes what you thought of me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Of No Utility.

Regardless of the fact that an editor almost always has on his trousers, some people can't get over the idea that a penwiper is a nice present for him.—Ohio State Journal.

## In Luck.

Caller—How much for a marriage license? Town Clerk—One dollar. Caller—I've only got 50 cents. Town Clerk—You're lucky.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## A Helping Hand.

Visitor—Are your children doing anything for you in this your last illness? Old Man—Yes, they're keeping up my

## CERTIFICATE OF PUBLICATION

STATE OF NEBRASKA, OFFICE OF

### Auditor of Public Accounts.

Lincoln, Feb. 1, 1912.  
It is hereby certified, That the Minnesota Mutual Life Insurance Company of St. Paul, in the State of Minnesota, has complied with the insurance law of this state, applicable to such companies and is therefore authorized to continue the business of life insurance in this state for the current year ending January 31st, 1913.

Summary of Report Filed for the Year Ending December 31, 1911.

INCOME	
Premiums	\$ 668,784.46
All other sources	162,881.07
All other sources	\$ 831,665.53
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Paid policy holders	\$ 407,038.94
All other payments	163,514.78
Total	\$ 570,553.72
Admitted assets	3,427,701.79
LIABILITIES.	
Net reserve	\$3,104,145.00
Net policy claims	25,015.00
All other liabilities	134,106.62
Surplus beyond capital stock and other liabilities	164,435.17
Total	3,427,701.79

Witness my hand and the seal of the insurance department the day and year first above written.

SILAS A. BARTON,  
Auditor Public Accounts.  
C. E. PIERCE, Deputy.

C. E. SEBASTIAN, General Agent,  
514½ Dewey Street, North Platte, Nebraska.  
It's Old Line, ask to see our Policies, you don't die to win

### The Latest Thing in Stoves

For a midnight supper, as for any other meal at any other time, the very latest thing in stoves—the best that stove-artists can do—is a

#### New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

It concentrates the heat when you want it and where you want it. It is as quick as gas, steeper and handier than coal, cheaper than electricity.

The New Perfection Stove has long, enameled, turquoise-blue chimneys. It is handily finished in nickel, with cabinet top, drop shelves, towel racks, etc. Made with 1, 2 or 3 burners.

All dealers carry the New Perfection Stove. Free Cook-Book with every stove. Cook-Book also given to anyone sending 2 cents to cover mailing cost.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY  
NEBRASKA  
Omaha

## Summer Tourist Round-Trip Fares to the Pacific Coast

Tickets on sale to California June 12 to 20; final return limit August 31; August 29 to September 5; final return limit October 31.

Tickets on sale to North Pacific Coast Points May 15, to 17 final return limit July 15; May 27 and 28 and June 3 to 6; final return limit July 27. June 27 to July 5; final return limit August 27. July 11 and 12; final return limit September 11. October 12, 14 and 15; return limit November 13.

**\$70**

Tickets on sale May 15 to 17 final return limit July 15, May 27 and 28; and June 3 to 6; final return limit July 27. June 27 to July 5; final return limit August 27. July 11-12 final return limit September 11. August 29th to September 5; final return limit October 31. October 12, 14 and 15; final return limit November 15.

**\$60**

Tickets on sale June 1 to September 30, inclusive; final return limit October 31.

**\$75**

Tickets on sale same dates and with same limits at \$60 fare.

**\$55**

## Union Pacific

Staudard Road of the West.  
New and Direct Route to Yellowstone National Park.  
Protected by Automatic Electric Block Safety Signals—Excellent Dining Cars on ALL Trains.  
For additional information and Illustrated California and Pacific Northwest book, call on or address  
**F. E. BULLARD, Agent.**

**GEO. D. DENT,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Office over McDonald Bank.  
Phones } Office 180  
          } Residence 115

**A. J. AMES, MARIE AMES,**  
Doctors Ames & Ames,  
Physicians and Surgeons,  
Office over Stone Drug Co.  
Phones } Office 273  
          } Residence 273

**Sheriff's Sale.**  
By virtue of an order of sale issued from the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court wherein Union Realty and Trust Company is plaintiff and Peter E. Burnett is defendant, and to me directed, I will on the 8th day of June, 1912, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the east front door of the court house in North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interests and costs, the following described property, to-wit:

All of the northwest quarter of section fourteen (14), town thirteen (13) north of range thirty-three (33) west of the 6th p m in Lincoln county, Nebr.  
Dated North Platte, Neb., May 2, 1912.

A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

**Sheriff's Sale.**  
By virtue of a decree rendered in the district court in and for Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 24th day of April, 1912, in an action in which James T. Feeney is plaintiff, and James W. Hunt and Henry Lindbeck are defendants, which decree ordered me as sheriff of Lincoln county, Nebraska, to take possession of the property hereinafter described and further ordered that upon the failure of the said James W. Hunt to pay to the plaintiff the sum of one thousand six hundred eighty dollars and sixty-three cents (\$1680.63), with seven per cent interest from date and costs of this suit taxed at two hundred twelve dollars and forty-five cents (\$212.45) within 5 days from the date of said decree, I should sell the said property as upon execution and bring the proceeds into court.

And whereas I have complied with the order of said court and have taken possession of the property below described, and whereas, said James W. Hunt has not paid said sum.

Now, therefore, I will, on the 18th day of May, 1912, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., of said day, at the stockyards in the east part of the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said decree, and the amount due thereon in the aggregate, being the sum of one thousand and six hundred eighty dollars and sixty-three cents (\$1680.63), and two hundred twelve dollars and forty-five cents (\$212.45), and accruing costs, the following described personal property, to-wit:

- 1 dark bay mare, 6 yrs. old, wt. 1200 lbs.
- 2 bay mare colts, 2 yrs. old, wt. 600 lbs., each;
- 1 black mare colt, 2 yrs. old, wt. 600 lbs.;
- 1 bay gelding, 6 yrs. old, wt. 1200 lbs.;
- 1 bay mare, 6 yrs. old, wt. 1200 lbs.;
- 1 gray gelding, 6 yrs. old, wt. 1200 lbs.;
- 1 gray gelding, 4 yrs. old, wt. 1300 lbs.;
- 1 bay mare, 10 yrs. old, wt. 1100 lbs.;
- 1 black mare, 4 yrs. old, wt. 1200 lbs.;
- 1 bay mare, 4 yrs. old, wt. 1400 lbs.;
- 1 bay gelding, 6 yrs. old, wt. 1400 lbs.;
- 1 black mare, 7 yrs. old, wt. 1200 lbs.;
- 1 black mare, 9 yrs. old, wt. 1300 lbs.

A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

**Sheriff's Sale.**  
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued by P. H. Sullivan, justice of the peace in and for North Platte, Nebraska, in favor of the McDonald State bank, a corporation, and against Walter Geyer and to me directed, I will on the 25th day of May, 1912, at the county jail in North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, offer for cash at public auction the following described property:

7 boxes of cigars, 5 pair of pants, 1 cap, 3 flannel shirts, 2 pairs of cook trousers, 1 pair of over shoes, 1 white hat, 1 sweater, 1 coat and vest, 1 razor, 1 razor hone, 1 gun cleaner rod, 2 cook coats, 2 shirts, 1 trunk, as the property of the said defendant, Walter Geyer.  
Dated at North Platte, Neb., April 30th, 1912.

A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

## Water Meters.

NOTICE TO BIDDERS.  
Sealed bids will be received at the office of the city clerk of the city of North Platte, Nebraska, up until 5 p. m. of the 7th day of May, 1912, for furnishing 500 water meters to the city of North Platte.

Bidders will be given an opportunity to demonstrate their various meters to the mayor and city council and to submit their own propositions as to terms of payment, the city reserving the right to reject any or all bids or to accept any one which may be deemed most advantageous to the city.

By order of mayor and city council.  
Dated North Platte, Neb., April 26th, 1912.

CHAS. F. TEMPLE,  
City Clerk.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, May 14th, 1912, at 2 o'clock p. m. I will sell to the highest bidder for cash at public auction at the county jail in the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Neb., the following goods and chattels, to-wit:

One bay mare about five years old, weight about 1150 pounds,  
One black mare about seven years old, weight about 1200;  
which said goods and chattels were levied upon by me, A. J. Salisbury, sheriff of Lincoln county, Nebraska, under an execution issued out of and under the seal of the county court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, upon a judgment rendered and docketed in said court in favor of John S. Twinem and against Albert Beach.  
Dated at North Platte, Neb., this 2d day of May, 1912.